

private message

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private message

by [ekae](#)

Summary

After watching Belle Delphine's video on Christmas, George sends Dream a link to another video to watch together, this time with very different results.

Notes

i have not written fic in about three years and im still learning their voices so please be gentle. this fic is kinda weird so bear that in mind

if you're a CC reading this, feel free to continue on but be warned it's explicit and probably says too much about me as a person. just dont make fun of me

dream and george have stated they're fine with explicit works being written about them, should that change at any point this fic will be deleted.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It starts off innocent enough. It's just three best-friends hanging out, on Christmas day, watching porn together. It should be weird, but it isn't. They're best friends who grew up on the internet, this is far from the weirdest thing they've done. Dream honestly can't even remember who brought it up first, but somehow he found himself with an OnlyFans charge on his account and tighter pants.

For all they shit on each other for popping boners and “readjusting”, it doesn’t actually go any farther than that. Maybe it would have, had his mother’s friend not walked into his office without knocking. He’s not a teen living with his parents anymore and yet he still can’t avoid being caught.

At the end of the day, they left it there. His mother’s friend couldn’t quite meet his eye by the time they all went home, but other than that there were no lasting consequences. It’s not awkward between him, Sapnap, and George. To be fair, he didn’t expect it to be. They didn’t even fully watch the video, just skimmed through it and gawked at some of the shots.

Dream likely would have moved past it and chalked it up to a weird one-off had Sapnap not brought it up on Bad’s stream. When he told the story on Train’s podcast, it just cemented the memory in his mind. Even after that, given enough time, it would have just become one of those weird things he and his best friends did once. But, it wasn’t the last time it happened.

The story goes like this: One night, George sends him a link. The sun has long since set and no one is streaming. Instead of lurking in other’s chats, Dream is just laying in his bed, idly scrolling on his phone, liking fanart and reading fan theories. Ideally, he’d scroll until he falls asleep. He had assumed that he was one of the only ones up right now, that even George had gone to sleep hours before, despite being mostly synched up with him and Sapnap. The notification both surprises him and doesn’t. When the discord notification comes through, he opens it immediately.

(from George):

thought it might be funny to watch this together ;)

Then, there’s a link.

Dream doesn’t even need to click it to know what it is. The URL clearly shows what he’ll be bombarded with the moment he opens it. George wants to watch porn with him. His stomach flips in a way he doesn’t quite understand and he finds himself hesitating in his response. Sapnap’s not even online and even if he were, George sent the link privately to Dream. He hesitated over watching with both George *and* Sapnap. Is it weird for just two best-friends to watch porn together? If they’re just watching it to laugh at it, maybe not. It can’t be any weirder than reading fanfiction together, right? He doesn’t allow himself to second-guess it and replies.

(from Dream):

lol im game

ready whenever u are, just call

He hauls himself out of bed and down the hall to his office. Discord is already open on his monitor when he starts up his PC. A few moments later, an incoming call from George appears. Dream throws his headphones on and accepts the call with video and audio.

The call connects and George’s face appears on his screen. He’s sitting in his chair at his desk. The green screen behind him is off to the side, showing the unmade bed he typically hides. There’s a grin on his face, softened by the early morning light streaming through his window. His hair is slightly rumpled and there’s a crease on his cheek like he was resting his face on his arm.

“You’re gonna hate this,” George says with a slightly unhinged grin. He fidgets with the strings on his hoodie and leans back in his chair.

“You’re so weird,” Dream says fondly. “What even is this video?” He hasn’t clicked on the link

yet and there's no title in the URL.

"Just click it, just click it," George says giddily, he bounces in his chair and leans forward, like he's anticipating Dream's reaction.

There's some emotion on his face that Dream can't quite parse. Rather than reading too deeply into it, Dream just clicks on the link on his monitor.

He immediately has to close out several pop-up ads and ignore the flashing gifs at the sidebars. He just hopes he doesn't get any viruses from this. Any worry about viruses or someone walking in on him is put to the side the moment he reads the title of the video: "Dream and GeorgeNotFound Blowjob and Rough Sex". The video automatically plays and he frantically moves to pause it. In his panic, he skips ahead about a minute. On the screen are two actors, one of whom bears striking resemblance to George and the other who stands dressed in a Dream cosplay.

"WHAT? George!" Dream's breath leaves him in two words and he physically moves back from his monitor.

George just bursts out laughing, his hands clutching at his stomach as he pushes back in his chair.

He stares at the video for a moment and then glances over at George. He's still smiling so widely, it looks like his cheeks must be hurting.

"What the hell is this?" he asks, his voice reaching a height he hadn't heard in several years. "George!" Dream scolds, his own grin impacting the word. "Seriously, what is this? Where the fuck did you even find this?" He glances back at the video. It's nearly thirty minutes long and has a disturbing amount of views and comments.

Once George's laughing fit subsides, his eyes are tinged red and his cheeks are flushed. When his voice is level enough he says, "I found it on Reddit. Two of our—" he clears his throat here, "—more dedicated fans hired two actors to, uh, make this video." He has the decency to look slightly sheepish now like he's realizing how weird it is to send this to Dream.

"And you want to watch it together?" Dream asks, fixing George with a look that's ruined by the smile on his lips.

"It would be weird if I watched it alone and then told you about it," George argues, settling back into his chair.

"You don't have to watch it at all," Dream retorts. George looks like he wants to say something to that, but Dream is already streaming the video on Discord. He puts the video into full screen, shifts discord to his second monitor, and hovers his mouse over the play/pause button. "First one to get hard has to gift the other 100 subs," Dream says with a smirk.

George scoffs and rolls his eyes but nods, "Fine. My viewers are going to be very happy next stream."

Dream presses play and sits back in his chair.

On his monitor, George frowns. "Are we watching the whole thing or something?"

Dream pauses the video. "There's clearly like plot and shit," Dream says, gesturing to the screen. "I don't want to be lost while watching this."

George opens his mouth and pauses before closing it again. "Sure, I'm the weird one. Just press

play.”

Dream scoffs at him but complies and restarts the video. He looks to George’s video to see if he’s going to complain, but the other man is silent.

Dream sits back and just watches, prepared to call out anything funny to make this whole experience less awkward.

In the video, ‘George’ is standing in a bare-bones bedroom.

“Woah,” Dream starts, “that dude really looks like you.” The actor is not exactly George’s doppelgänger, but if Dream looked quickly they would be near indistinguishable from one another.

‘George’ is backlit by the setting sun, visible in the window behind him. It paints him and the whole room in a golden glow. He’s wearing slightly tattered clothes, his hair is mussed, and there’s fake-blood spatter across his front. The bridge of his nose and his cheekbone are painted to look like there are cuts across them. He’s digging through a satchel on the bed, clearly looking for something. Next to the bag on the bed is an incredibly plastic-looking axe.

“Is this supposed to be manhunt?” Dream wonders aloud, taking his eyes off of ‘George’.

The real George shrugs noncommittally and hums, “I guess so. That axe looks so fake, though.”

Dream turns his attention back to the video. On the screen, ‘George’ freezes while digging through his bag. He reaches slowly for the axe, his fingers curling over the hilt. From behind him, the door is shoved open.

Standing just on the threshold of the room is ‘Dream’. He has scuffed black pants tucked into combat boots. He wears a pale green army-style jacket over a blood-stained white t-shirt. With his hands in the signature fingerless gloves, he holds a short-sword. It drips a dark, sticky puddle onto the floor. His short-cut dirty-blond hair is just visible around the edges of the mask covering his face. He strikes an intimidating figure.

‘George’ looks behind him, clearly searching for some other method of escape. When he finds none, he readjusts his grip on the axe and steadies his stance.

“C’mere, George,” ‘Dream’ taunts, his voice carrying low across the room.

George scoffs, breaking Dream out of the moment. “You don’t sound like that at all,” he insists.

“It was probably hard enough finding two actors who look like us, nevermind sound like us. I wanna hear what ‘you’ sound like,” Dream responds.

A moment later, they find out. “Leave me alone,” ‘George’ says in what must be his attempt at a British accent.

“Oh my god! What accent is that?” Dream cries out, his laughter ruining the tone set by the video.

“I don’t even know. That’s so bad!” George says, his own accent much more apparent when set in contrast to the imitation on screen.

“We can just ignore it. I like yours much better anyway,” Dream says with a slight leer, ignoring the stand-off on screen for a moment.

George rolls his eyes but doesn’t otherwise dignify him with a response.

The tension in the video grows as ‘Dream’ and ‘George’ stare at each other. One’s face lined with fear, the other’s unreadable. ‘Dream’ moves first, crossing the room in what seems like no time at all. He lunges at ‘George’ and the two grapple for a moment before ‘Dream’ shoves ‘George’ up against the wall. He holds the sword against ‘George’s’ neck and leans in.

“You’re all mine,” ‘Dream’ says.

“Is this even porn or do I just kill you?” Dream wonders aloud, his eyes still watching the video.

For a moment too long, ‘George’ just stares up at ‘Dream’. He wets his lips and swallows.

“I thought—” George starts, but trails off.

On screen, ‘George’ drops his axe and reaches up. One of his hands fits around the back of ‘Dream’s’ neck and the other pushes his mask up off of his face.

His would-be look-alike actually looks nothing like him, Dream idly thinks. His train of thought is immediately derailed when ‘George’ pulls ‘Dream’ down and smashes their lips together.

“Guess that answers that,” George says.

‘Dream’ freezes for a moment against ‘George’ but seems to catch up quickly. He drops the sword from ‘George’s’ neck, a dripping line of red the only sign it was ever there. His hands come up to frame the other man’s face and he pushes him harder against the wall.

The way the two men are moving on the screen brings heat to Dream’s face. A quick glance at George’s video shows the easy-blusher in a similar state.

The two actors are moving against each other in a way that suggests familiarity. It’s not a battle, it’s an easy give-and-take that Dream hasn’t seen in many videos before. ‘Dream’ pulls away from ‘George’ and shifts his head down. He bites at the edge of his jaw before beginning to suck bruises into the curve of his throat. His lips drag the blood down his neck.

‘George’ tilts his head up, offering ‘Dream’ more space to work on. His mouth falls open, bringing the real Dream’s attention up to the kiss-bitten red that colors his lips. ‘George’ exhales sharply, a sound like a stifled moan falling from his mouth as ‘Dream’ moves to his collarbones.

Dream tries not to focus on that sound. The way it echoes in his mind as he thinks about it coming from the real George. He crushes that thought the way he has for the past several years and goes back to watching.

‘Dream’ brings his hand down from the smaller man’s face to pull his shirt down slightly. He seems to get frustrated with it and pulls back. His own mouth is red and slick with saliva. He pulls up at the hem of ‘George’s’ shirt and brings it over the other’s head when he raises his arms.

Seemingly not content to be the only shirtless one, ‘George’ scrambles to pull the jacket off of ‘Dream’.

‘Dream’ allows the non-verbal request and shrugs the jacket onto the ground. He continues his mapping of ‘George’s’ collarbones and begins shifting his way down. The hands idly tugging at ‘Dream’s’ shirt give up their attack and shift to clutching at his shoulder and the back of his neck.

They freeze.

‘Dream’ drops to his knees at ‘George’s’ feet. His fingers dig tightly into the other man’s thighs.

He looks up at ‘George’ and they lock eyes. ‘Dream’ maintains eye contact and begins undoing the other’s belt.

Dream holds his breath as his counterpart pulls the belt from the loops and begins undoing the fly. He doesn’t want to look at George. It’s odd enough that they’re both silently watching this now. Neither has spoken in minutes and they’re both clearly not watching ironically anymore. Maybe it’s just Dream who’s being weird about this, maybe George just doesn’t have anything to say. Maybe he’s not reacting to this video at all. Dream would bet his whole career that’s not the case, but he doesn’t call him out on it for now.

As his character pulls down ‘George’s’ pants and underwear, Dream spots George shift. Is this turning him on? Or is he just getting more comfortable? He wants to ask; wants to know how this is affecting George. He bites his tongue.

‘George’ bows his legs slightly, his hips pressing forward toward ‘Dream’s’ mouth.

The other man presses back against his hips and holds him in place. He takes off his gloves and reaches toward ‘George’s’ dick.

‘George’ is not small by any means, but he’s not winning any awards. He’s realistic, Dream thinks. It makes him wonder how accurate to the real George it is.

‘Dream’ keeps one hand firmly gripping ‘George’s’ hip, while the other begins working his shaft.

‘George’ tilts his head back against the wall at the first hints of pressure. When ‘Dream’ pushes forward and begins licking up his length, his mouth falls open on a gasp.

‘Dream’ moves his attention to the head of ‘George’s’ cock, and slowly begins drawing it into his mouth.

‘George’ pants louder, his hips twitch forward, and his hand clenches firmly in the short bristles of ‘Dream’s’ hair. He looks back down, his eyes locked on where ‘Dream’ slowly inches forward. By the time ‘Dream’ is pressing his nose against the flat of ‘George’s’ pelvis, ‘George’ is flushed and gasping out every breath. ‘Dream’ has clearly been doing something impressive to get ‘George’ so work up.

The sounds and images coming from the screen have not left Dream unaffected. He’s hard in his own pants, thinking about how much he’d like to be in either of their positions right now. He wants to readjust the way he’s sitting, but he knows that George would call him out immediately. The way ‘George’ is moaning has even more blood draining south. He leans farther back in his chair, his hand moving on its own volition and landing on his thigh, inches away from his own cock.

George’s eyes snap to the movement and he grins. “I think you owe me 100 subs, Dream,” he teases, his voice sounds more hoarse than it did ten minutes ago.

Dream scoffs. “So what? It’s porn, jackass, it’s impossible to not react. It doesn’t mean I’m enjoying it. You’re probably no better off than me,” he says. This just makes George laugh.

“So defensive! I never even said that,” he points out. “Just agree that you—” he pauses for a moment, his eyes snapping to the screen as a particularly breathy moan plays from the video, he clears his throat— “owe me 100 subs.” He crosses his arms over his chest, looking victorious.

Dream clears his own throat and leans forward with a grin. He watches George’s already blown eyes widen slightly. “You know what? Fine. Yes, I will gift you 100 subs. I’m hard as a rock right now, absolutely thro—”

“Dream!” George says, voice likely louder than he meant it. “You are so weird, what the hell is wrong with you?” He’s smiling but there’s a darker flush to his face and neck now. He shifts his own weight, his hands landing somewhere in his lap.

Dream laughs. “It doesn’t even matter, let’s just keep watching.” He turns his attention back to the video, ignoring the way he can see in his peripheral how George lingers for a moment too long before turning to watch the video.

On screen, ‘George’ is moving his hips forward, his hands clenched tightly at the back of ‘Dream’s’ head. He slowly thrusts his hips forward, lingering as he presses his dick deep into the tight heat of ‘Dream’s’ throat. There are muffled moans coming from the man on the floor as ‘George’ continues using his mouth.

Dream wants so badly to relieve some of the pressure in his pants right now. The sooner this video ends, the sooner he can say goodnight to George and go jack off. He pushes back in his chair and exhales sharply. There’s a heavy heat in his stomach that he could stoke right now with just a few quick movements. For a brief moment, he allows himself to think about kneeling before George, allowing him to take whatever pleasure he wants from him, opening himself up for whatever George is willing to give. He wants to feel the heavy pressure on his tongue, the all-encompassing smell and taste. He wants to feel the pain in his scalp from how tightly George grips him. He wants to hear moans and choked-off breaths from above him, clear signals George is getting closer and closer to that edge. He wants to learn what it takes to get George to come. He wants to know what he tastes like, what he sounds like when he finishes.

There’s a muffled gag from ‘Dream’ as ‘George’ snaps his hips forward. His breathing increases and he drives himself forward harder and deeper. After a series of particularly rough movements, he buries himself deep and stays there. His eyes clench shut as he groans. ‘Dream’ continues working his mouth around ‘George’s’ dick, his throat working to swallow everything. ‘George’ slowly pulls out of ‘Dream’s’ mouth, the tip of his dick resting against his lips for just a moment before he fully sits back against the wall. They stare at each other for a moment, both breathing heavily.

‘Dream’ paints an entrancing picture. His cheeks stand out, flushed and heated. A trail of come carves a path over the curve of his lip and chin. He sits back against his heels, and rests his cheek on ‘George’s’ thigh.

Dream breathes deeply, willing himself to hold off. On his second monitor, on George’s camera, Dream watches a minute, repetitive motion. As he shifts his head to look at it more clearly, George mimics the action and stops the movement. Clear realization washes over Dream and his mouth drops. “Are you actually jacking off right now?” He doesn’t want to think about what that means for this moment between them and simply waits for a response.

George, at the very least, has the courtesy to look embarrassed. “I, uh,” he stutters, “of course not, that would—that would be weird,” he says. “Why? Are you?” The way he says it makes Dream think he’s almost looking for permission.

“No, I’m not,” he starts, voice stuttering to a halt. He weighs his choices very carefully. George is looking at him like he’s going to let Dream choose exactly where this goes. Dream leans forward and pauses the video. It lands on a frame of ‘Dream’ and ‘George’ on the bed. ‘Dream’ stands at the foot of the bed, now fully shirtless, working several fingers into ‘George’.

“You’re not?” George asks after a moment of silence.

“No,” Dream reaffirms, glancing down for a brief moment. “But I want to,” he says. He looks back

up at George, follows the path his tongue traces as it flicks out to wet his lips. “So if you were,” he says carefully, “maybe I would, too.”

“Right,” George says. “Okay. Maybe I will, then, if, uh, you do, too. It’s not a big deal, right? Best-friends do this all the time,” George says. He sounds fragile, like a single harsh word from Dream would end this call right there.

“Exactly,” Dream agrees. “Normal—healthy, even!”

They sit for a moment and just stare at each of their screens.

Dream moves first. He leans back in his chair, propping his hips up in the air slightly. He undoes his belt buckle with practiced ease and pulls it from its loops. He quickly undoes his fly and shimmies his pants down to his mid-thigh. He sighs deeply from the release of pressure. As he turns his attention back to the screen, he finds George watching him with rapt attention. His mouth is parted slightly, his lips slick as though he had just licked them.

Dream flushes; the heat in his stomach builds. He rests his palm flat against the curve of his bulge. Even through his briefs, the slightest bit of pressure is overwhelming. He blinks hard and breathes out sharply.

Through his headphones, Dream hears the sound of a belt buckle. George shifts in front of the camera and works his own pants down.

“You really weren’t jacking off?” Dream asks, his voice heady with lust.

George shakes his head. “No, just, uh,” he repeats the motion of lifting his hips, pulling his briefs down, “just rubbing,” he finishes.

Dream follows the movements, watches the way George’s arm curves. He tracks the way George lifts his arm up, hesitates, and then drops it back down. Dream wets his own lips. He wants to turn on his fan, he feels like he’s overheating. Watching George, even through a webcam, slowly jack himself off makes Dream feel like he could come right then and there.

Pulling his own briefs down, Dream wraps his fingers tightly around the base of his cock. He’s dangerously close to the edge already, just from anticipation. He hasn’t been this hard in a while and he doesn’t want to go over so quickly. His hand is dry against the skin of his dick and drags in a way that could feel good, but doesn’t right now.

“You should, uh, you should press play,” George says, his voice lower than normal. It’s breathy and deep and Dream wants nothing more than to hear it in real life. The mere sound of his voice in Dream’s ear sends blood straight to his dick.

The dry contact of his hand isn’t going to cut it for him. He lets saliva pool in his mouth for a moment and then licks a flat stripe against his palm. In his headset, there’s a choked off moan that sounds like it could’ve come from the video. He gives himself an experimental tug, and finds it more enjoyable but still too dry.

“Really, Dream, press play,” George says. In the back of his throat, a slight whine escapes.

“Give me a second,” Dream says shortly, leaning forward in his chair. “My skin’s too fucking dry,” he adds. He reaches forward for one of the drawers underneath his desk. He pulls it open and blindly fishes his hand around. When his fingers land on a familiar bottle, he lets out a quiet cheer and pulls it from the drawer. He shuts the drawer with his foot and leans back in his chair. The bottle opens with a click that even George can hear.

“Did you just—Is that lube?” George asks, his disbelief clear in his voice. The movement of his arm stops and he clenches his eyes shut tightly for a moment.

“Yeah, told you my skin’s too dry, spit won’t help, I’m not a teen so I’m not using lotion, so, yeah,” he says, his sentence barely comprehensible. He shakes the bottle for a second and pours out a solid amount. He coats it around his dick, the smooth slide of his palm across the sensitive skin feels like bliss. He knocks his head back and breathes deeply. Around a groan he says, “Much better.”

“Please, press play,” George says breathlessly.

Dream takes pity on him and presses play on the video. Immediately, the harsh moaning and heavy breaths resume in their ears. ‘Dream’ has already worked three fingers into ‘George’ and the smaller man is clearly prepped enough.

“Dream, please,” ‘George’ moans. He wraps the heels of his feet into the small of ‘Dream’s’ back and draws him in.

“Fuck, you look so good,” ‘Dream’ replies, his own voice shot to hell. He pulls his fingers from ‘George’ and sets on undoing his own belt. Visible through his pants is a straining erection. When he finally pulls it free, it’s clear the man is desperate for some release. He wraps his fingers around his dick and lines it up with ‘George’s’ hole.

‘Dream’ begins pressing in slowly, dragging ‘George’ through every inch of feeling. It’s slow, but seems to knock the wind out of ‘George’s’ lungs. “Dream,” he gasps.

Dream swallows heavily. He wants to hear his name fall from George’s lips like that so badly. He wants to be the reason George is flushed and sweating and overwhelmed with lust. Dream applies the barest hints more of pressure to his own flushed cock, jacking up and down as ‘Dream’ on screen fucks into ‘George’. On every movement up, he drags the calloused side of his thumb against the underside of the head of his dick. He’s so close already, more pressure and faster movements would send him right over the edge. He wants to wait until the actors on screen come or George does.

A glance to George finds him a similar state. His hand and dick aren’t visible to the camera, but it’s clear he’s still working himself over. Even if Dream couldn’t see his arm moving, he would hear his sharp breathing. Every few moments, he inhales quickly and his eyes flutter shut for a moment. There’s clearly some sensitive spot he keeps going over, increasing the pleasure he feels.

George looks up and Dream knows that he’s aware Dream isn’t watching the video right now. Both of them are clearly looking at the other’s camera feed. Despite this, neither of them stop touching themselves.

“Dream,” George says quietly, in a way that Dream wants to hear a thousand times over.

“George?” Dream replies. He doesn’t pause the video, allows it to continue in the background.

“I want to see you,” George admits. The movement of his hand slows. He swallows visibly and wears an expression so open Dream wants to confess a million different things.

“Yeah?” Dream asks. There’s not a fiber of his being that could reject any request George makes, especially not this one. When George nods, Dream leans forward and angles his camera down slightly. He watches George’s mouth fall open slightly, the movement of his arm resumes. Dream pushes his chair back so that way his lap and face are all visible in frame.

Dream resumes working his hand over his cock. He should feel shy, knowing George's eyes are on him, but he doesn't. He wants George to never take his eyes off of him. He wants George to drink his fill and then some. Dream tightens the pressure of his hand and fucks up into his fist. He sets a rhythm that brings him closer and closer to the edge. His eyes close shut on their own volition, mouth falls open, and short breaths are punched out of him with every move.

"God, Dream," George gasps, sounding wrecked. "That looks like it feels good," he adds. His words are spaced out, like he has to collect the focus for each one.

"Yeah, it does," Dream replies, "feels so good." He looks back up at George. "C'mon, you too," he starts, "I wanna see you, too."

George freezes for a moment and then reaches forward to adjust his own camera. He pushes back his chair and looks back at the screen like he's waiting for approval. His face is so open, yet not scared at all. Dream knows in that moment that George knows exactly how he feels about him. For a second, he thinks maybe he understands how George feels about him, too.

Dream stares openly at the sight on his screen. George has his left hand sliding up and down his cock. It's flushed red and the head looks near-purple. His right hand is situated farther down, fondling his balls. Dream can't quite see, but it almost looks like he's working a finger into his hole. Dream's mind blanks for a second and all he knows in that moment is George. He wants to be there with his hand on George's dick, wants to be there wringing pleasure out of him with every movement.

"Fuck, George," Dream chokes out. "You're so pretty, *fuck*." He can't stop watching George, if this is the last time he ever gets to see this he wants to memorize every movement, every sound.

George breaks the eye contact first, his mouth open like he wants to respond, but gets distracted. His eyes shift to the side as a particularly loud moan plays from the video.

Dream follows the movement and refocuses on the video. 'Dream' is still fucking into 'George'. He leans over the smaller man's body, basically covering him as he continues to press him into the mattress. He has one hand wrapped around 'George's' thigh, the other around his throat.

'George' continues to let out small, cut-off moans with every thrust. They're more gasps of air than actual sounds, his range limited by the hand against his windpipe. He's touching his own dick, but the movement is restricted by the pressure of 'Dream' hovering over him.

Using the hand wrapped around 'George's' thigh, 'Dream' hikes 'George' closer. The slight change in the angle of his thrusts clearly creates significant change because a high keening sound erupts from 'George's' throat.

"*Hng*, yes, just like that," 'George' moans. "Fuck, you feel so good," he continues, "harder, please." The actor has almost completely forgotten the accent he's supposed to be doing, but Dream doesn't even notice. He tracks the smooth movement of his counterpart's hips as they speedup and drive into 'George' harder and harder.

Any praise or request 'George' was going to make is lost with the new rhythm 'Dream' sets. His moans grow sharper and sharper, each bit of breath knocked out of him with every thrust. 'George' continues thrusting into his own hand. Everything continues to build and build, his body growing tenser and tenser, until 'George' finally comes.

He lets out a long, drawn out moan. His body falling limp against the bed, moving only due to 'Dream's' continued thrusting. His own come spills against his stomach, smearing into 'Dream's'

skin.

Dream watches as his actor continues fucking into 'George'. The thrusts continue to work him through his orgasm. He continues to exist in a place of bliss that Dream wants to follow him into. He watches the look of ecstasy and pleasure on 'George's' face turn to one of discomfort as 'Dream' fucks him into overstimulation.

"D-Dream," 'George' stammers out, "too much, please, too much," his voice is breathless and bordering on pained.

The heat in Dream's stomach intensifies and he thrusts into his fist faster. He's so close, he can feel it.

'Dream' ignores 'George's' requests and continues thrusting into his body. He has a look on his face like he's not much farther from following 'George' over the edge. He pulls his hand back from 'George's' throat and wraps it around his other thigh. He pulls his hips up off the bed entirely. He pulls out almost fully and then drives back in. With each thrust, he knocks another moan out of 'George'.

Dream wants to look back over at the real George to see how this is affecting him, but he's caught up in watching the video. He knows the pleasure from pushing past his limits and he knows the pain that comes with it. He wonders if George would find it as pleasurable as he often does.

The pain from overstimulation has faded and 'George' is back to arousal. 'George's' cock makes a masterful attempt at getting up again, but he clearly doesn't have the energy. Instead, he lays there and just takes whatever pleasure 'Dream' gives him. 'Dream's' angle puts direct pressure on the smaller man's prostate and after several more thrusts, he's able to wring a dry orgasm out of 'George'.

This pushes both the real Dream and the fake Dream over the edge. 'Dream' thrusts in one last time and buries himself deep, coming in 'George'. Dream squeezes around his cock harder and fucks himself through his orgasm. He spills over into his hand, his own come slicking the way for his dick. He groans deep in his throat and tilts his head back, his eyes fall shut. He lays there for a moment, his chest heaving as the aftershocks roll through him.

The sound from the video stops and all he can hear is George's quiet moaning and the sound of his fist around his dick. Dream forces his eyes open and leans forward. He grabs a tissue from his desk and wipes off his hand and dick. As the tissue lands in his wastebin, he refocuses his attention on George. The video has ended and George looks at Dream openly. Dream closes out the video tab and shifts to look directly at George on the monitor. George is a flushed and sweaty mess. His chest inhales and exhales rapidly as he continues thrusting into his fist. At some point, George shifted so he has one foot up on the chair, putting more of himself on display. With this new view, Dream can clearly tell that George has a slick finger buried deep inside himself.

"Dream," George gasps, seemingly the only word he's able to manage.

The mere sound of George moaning his name is enough to make his dick twitch against his thigh.

"Are you close?" Dream asks. "What do you need?"

"I, *fuck*, I need you," George admits, sounding like the words are being pulled from him. "I'm close, I'm close," he adds a moment later. "Just—talk to me, please." He looks at Dream, pleasure written in every line of his face.

“Fuck, George,” Dream says on an exhale. “You look so good,” he hesitates over his words, feeling slightly awkward. “Just watching you touch yourself could get me off. I bet you’d feel so good too.” He wants to know that so badly, wants to touch, and hold, and have. “If I could just get my hands on you, I could have you begging in minutes. Fuck, I could get you so worked up you don’t even know how to say anything other than my name,” Dream says, watching George’s eyes flutter shut.

“Dream,” he moans.

“God, I’d take you apart piece-by-piece,” he says. “I’d work you open on my fingers until you were absolutely desperate for my cock. Only once you were begging for it would I finally let you have it. I’d fuck you hard and deep; show you what real pleasure feels like.” He watches George’s mouth fall open, his breaths louder and louder in his ear.

George doesn’t say anything, doesn’t seem capable of it. He just continues touching himself; his hand working quickly over his dick, he adds a second finger alongside the other. He presses in deep and finds a spot inside himself that makes his whole body jolt.

“Come on, baby,” Dream coaxes. He wants to see the look on the other man’s face when he comes, wants to memorize it and hold it close. “Come for me, George,” Dream says, his words hushed and low.

George’s whole body tenses and he groans long and low. A thick stripe of come lands on his shirt and the exposed bit of his stomach. He continues fucking his fingers into himself and jacking his dick off. His dick continues to twitch, come spilling out over his hand and down his wrist.

Dream watches and drinks the sight in. He looks gorgeous. Dream wants to be the cause of his pleasure constantly. He never wants to go another day knowing he doesn’t have this. If he were capable of it, he’d be hard again.

Eventually, George stills his movements and collapses limply in his chair.

For a moment, the two of them just breathe together. George moves first, leaning forward and grabbing a tissue of his own. When he’s done crudely cleaning himself up, he looks back at Dream. His pupils are blown and his lips are bitten raw.

“You’re beautiful,” Dream tells him.

Despite everything they just did, George flushes and ducks his head away. He glances back at Dream quicker than he typically would. Even though Dream knows it’s not the easiest for George, he says, “I liked that.”

Dream grins. “Yeah?” he hesitates a moment. “Maybe we should do it again, then,” he ventures.

“What I think you should do,” George begins carefully like he’s going to cross a line neither of them have braved before, “is buy a plane ticket and come do everything you promised to do.”

Dream’s face lights up. “Okay,” he breathes. He’s never bought a plane ticket faster before. “Until then, maybe you should keep sending me videos.”

George just grins and nods. “I guess I’ll have to.”

end.

End Notes

thanks for reading this far :) if you enjoyed, drop a comment or some kudos!!

i'm too scared to link my other social media, so if you have questions or comments you wanna ask me just leave a comment, i promise ill get back to you

edit: i made a tumblr in case anybody wants to send prompts, writing requests, comments or questions!

ekaewrites.tumblr.com

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